

Today, Irfan had a job. The badger anthro was a journalist by trade, and damn proud of his profession, never afraid to go outside the box in searching for scoops. The lad was even living practically out of his van so he could get around more frequently. And boy, was he ever going out of his way for a scoop today.

Irfan was very aware of recent events, about some kind of latex-like substance that had been cropping up and partly assimilating people. He never quite understood how it worked, how it turned these people into hypersexual shapeshifters who enjoyed spreading this corruptive substance yet nevertheless maintained their personalities. Or how it could corrupt the entire area around it, but only selectively, as if whoever was nearby could will it to make that decision. Confusing and mesmerizing in equal measures, he reasoned, and he frankly wanted to learn more, hopefully even calm his own worries about these events. And thankfully, after about a month of searching, he found an ideal candidate.

There was a corrupted dwelling in an isolated house not too far away from his own. He had no idea how many people lived in that dwelling, but he knew that he had only been in contact with one of the residents. They were once a standard snake anthro before the outbreak happened, and interestingly enough they seemed pretty normal. It was the shockingly down to earth attitude of theirs that made them such a pleasure to get to connect with. And today, for the first time, he'd finally be able to meet them face to face.

Driving out to a secluded patch of woods somewhere near his home, Irfan found the driveway of the house in question. At the end of the driveway, the house – a two story abode – seemed all too normal, certainly no signs of rubber or latex anywhere in sight. The peacefulness was almost disconcerting given that he had all sorts of guesses as to what manner of nonsense was going on inside, but he had to push his worries aside and press forward.

After all, Irfan had an interview to conduct. The greatest heroes of journalism were the ones who put their lives on the line to make sure the world was informed. And if the world's fears were in any way exaggerated, then they may as well be informed in a way that will alleviate said fears. No one was going to die, after all, just be irrevocably transformed in a way that screws with their motivations... it was ultimately up to the individual to determine how much of an improvement that was.

Irfan drove down the driveway and parked his vehicle near the house, wanting to be as close to his escape as possible given that anything went wrong. Climbing out of his van, the badger grabbed an assortment of belongings that he figured he'd need: A water bottle, pens and paper to write physical notes on if need be, and a laptop for his primary note-taking and recording. It was a simple setup, but it was one that had served him well for a while now, and he saw no reason to believe any of it would fail him this time.

Now that he was here though, he needed to make sure that the folks inside knew. He lifted a hand and thrice knocked on the door. He would stand there for a while, so while he

waited for a response, he decided to poke his head over to look through a nearby window. After all, something deep inside him kept nagging him about what conditions these corrupted could be living under. He was deeply curious, he had to know...

“...oh. It’s nothing.”

All he could see was a drab living room that looked like it came straight out of the 1970s. Brown, wood-paneled walls with brown shelves and a slightly dim, yellowish light. At least the electronics and appliances he could see were all modern, from the television sitting against a wall to what seemed to be an assortment of games consoles lining the shelf the TV was sitting on. It was certainly livable, but it left Irfan with a faint tinge of disappointment. He didn’t know what exactly he expected given how normal this person seemed from their earlier messages, but somehow it was more. Maybe some kind of kinky pleasure dungeon, or an ode to the latex’s corruptive influence like some kind of cultist’s shrine, but no, as far as he could tell, there was nothing of the sort.

Before he could do much more pondering, Irfan felt a buzz coming from the pocket of his khakis. Scrambling to grab the offending item, he fumbled about for a minute before finally retrieving the damn device. It was his phone notifying him of a message; one from the interviewee.

“I heard your car,” the message said. “The door’s unlocked, you can come in. Open the door on the right and you’ll find an old studio space. There’s another door in there, and I’m staying on the other side of that. You can see me through a window. The others are all strewn about, so if you don’t want to get corrupted, just go straight ahead.”

That seemed straightforward enough. Irfan didn’t really want to be corrupted, at least not without more information under his belt, so he might as well follow the directions given to the letter. He turned the knob and opened the door, letting the smell of air freshener hit his nose like a semi-truck. He started coughing before he noticed he got another message.

“Sorry about the smell,” it said, “one of the roommates was paranoid over how much of... anything one could smell once they walked in. As much as I told him ‘dude, we’re just rubber, we don’t smell like anything but rubber’, he couldn’t be swayed.”

Irfan chuckled quietly. Not only did this person seem to have excellent hearing, but they’ve also got a sense of humor. Clearly there was some form of sensory enhancement going on because of this corruption, though how exactly it worked was beyond him. At least they seemed to maintain total sentience. He quickly shook it off, however, and moved over to the right door, opening it.

Sure enough, inside looked like some kind of tiny, old home recording studio, something like an independent artist might have had. There was an empty table where production equipment might have sat, with a couple of chairs right next to it. The only other things of note

were a door to a smaller room in front of him, along with a window situated right in front of the table. That must have been where his interviewee was staying, he rationalized.

“Alright, I’m walking over to the window now,” Irfan spoke out. “If you have any surprises, get them out of the way.”

This prompted a sudden slam against the glass window, causing Irfan to jump back and let out a shriek. Still, despite the apparent force of it, said slam somehow didn’t cause the window to break. The thing that forced itself against the glass appeared serpentine in shape, as if an actual snake had just thrown itself at him. It dropped out of sight quickly before Irfan heard a laugh.

The figure rose up; though still vaguely serpentine, they still very clearly had arms and legs, like any other anthropomorphic person. The figure propped themselves up onto a chair, before raising their hands behind their head and giving Irfan a smirk. He couldn’t help but notice the eyes on this figure though, a bright, glowing cyan that covered effectively the whole eye; details were visible, but said details were very thin and appeared either black or just a darker blue. The final figure proved to be fairly androgynous, with a smaller chest size and musculature that was hard to pinpoint as either masculine or feminine.

“I hope I got you,” the figure said, chuckling. “I’ve been practicing that since you agreed to the interview.”

“It wasn’t that funny,” Irfan protested. “Weren’t you scared you’d break the glass and touch me?”

“I had it tested, don’t worry.” The snake person reached forward and knocked on the glass. “I swear, it might even be bulletproof. But anyways, thank you for coming. I’m happy to have you, so happy in fact that I’m presenting as a snake again. As for my name. I, uh, I forgot to give you my name, didn’t I?”

“No, I’ve just been conversing with you through...” Irfan flipped through the notes on his phone, furrowing his brow when he got to the relevant section. “ResistanceIsFutile@fmail.com.’ It’s a bit on the nose, don’t you think?”

“Uh, actually, I had that before I got assimilated,” the snake admitted, “I was a big Trekkie, but uh, anyway. I could go on a spiel about how I go by many names, and indeed, that’s very true, so for now, I’ll let you call me by my government name. Well, hopefully ex-government soon, but-”

“Just hurry up already, *please*.”

“Sorry, sorry. My name’s Ellis Gottfried. Are you happy?”

Irfan nodded and wrote this down in his journal. So their name is Ellis, that’s good to know.

“Would you like to go by a pseudonym for this interview? Just in case you want to remain anonymous.”

“Just omit my last name, if you don’t mind.”

“Thank you, thank you.”

Now that Irfan was here, he was admittedly struggling to come up with any actually decent interview questions; he knew he had an idea of what he wanted to ask beforehand, but he hated rehearsing out of fear that it would make him seem fake and thus unapproachable. That, unfortunately, had the obvious downside of needing to totally wing it at some points. It was for moments like these where he had an alternative ready: His written notes.

“Okay, so my notes say I should ask you first and foremost,” Irfan began, “how exactly did you and your roommates get corrupted to begin with?”

“Oh, let me see if I can try to remember.” Ellis began snapping their fingers as they tried to remember. “Well, let me think...”

Ellis then proceeded to launch into a story regarding one of their roommates returning from a fishing trip at a nearby creek. Irfan was sure to write down every detail as the latex creature rattled them off. Reportedly, said roommate had a sample attach itself to his clothes when he sat in his usual spot, almost immediately assimilating said clothes into the substance as a result. And when he’d gotten back to the house, he had already been fully turned from an anthropomorphic bat into a rubbery facsimile of one.

“And were any of you upset about this?”

“Truthfully? Not at all. We’re all open and comfortable with our sexuality, never cared much about fitting into society, and I’d read that news article saying that corrupted don’t actually need to eat, so... no more grocery bills for me, I wasn’t about to complain.”

Interesting to think about. It made sense that those who were already more sexual in nature would react more positively to being exposed, given how hyper-sexual the corrupted were rumored to be. Still, to be so passe about having their genetic code irrevocably altered, to be made into some other substance entirely... it was an idea that felt almost alien to Irfan. He couldn’t help but wonder if the brain was somehow being altered before it, too, was assimilated into the mostly black mass. He also started to wonder how these corrupted were able to maintain even a modicum of identity despite being, by all accounts, a hive mind. These were thought processes that Irfan so desperately wished to pursue.

“Hmm. Interesting. You seem to have a lot of your old self still remaining in spite of everything.” Irfan took a sip of water. “Do you have any idea why that is?”

“...ah, shoot. To tell you the truth...” Ellis places their hand on their forehead. “I don’t have a clue. I mean, I’m thankful it did, but sometimes I have to wonder why it wouldn’t just

make people into mindless drones. Never been a fan of how some folks handle drone kinks by the way, I guess there's something to just having simpler desires, but if they're totally overwriting your personality and reducing you to a mindless sex toy, especially permanently, are you even alive at that point? At that point I just pretend that they're rescued after the porn's events are over if the story's good enough, but otherwise, jeez."

And of course, Ellis found a way to bring it back around to sex. That was just lovely, there was no way this story was going to be published in a mainstream journal at this point without some heavy truncation. Still, Irfan had a duty to inform the public, and so he continued forth in spite of an... odd feeling at the back of his mind.

"...I guess you have a point. So to be entirely clear, you do not know why your mind's still in tact?"

"I wish I could say, but it's not like the latex is exactly communicative. It gives ideas of spreading and corrupting, but after the initial hit it does start to fade after a while. It's like it's giving you the mission statement at the start and letting you do your own thing later."

"I see..." Irfan sighed. "That seems rather inefficient if its only goal is to spread itself."

"Agreed, but again, there's the corruption thing. That could mean anything from assimilation to just... disregarding good taste and just letting loose, doing whatever comes to mind. Like turning your dick into a horse cock."

"...turning it into a horse's penis."

"I mean, an anthropomorphic horse's, but yeah. I mean it's not permanent if you don't want it to be, it's just-"

"Please do me a favor and don't demonstrate."

"Okay, jeez, I wasn't planning to. It was just for the sake of making a point, with these bodies basically nothing is off the table. Disregarding societal norms and making up some kind of self-indulgent new way of living. It's just, y'know, what counts as self-indulgent depends on the person. If it's sex, then there's a million ways to have sex, your body's all sorts of malleable. If it's not, then being made of goo means you don't need to eat or drink so you don't have to worry about surviving and can just focus on whatever."

"Hrmm..."

Irfan held a hand to his chest as he wrote this down using the other. This suddenly brought to life an issue he hadn't even considered: If the latex had its own thoughts and goals, how could any of the life it assimilated be out of touch with its goals? Was it really alive in the traditional sense, or was it just a blueprint? He was leaning toward alive, or at least something resembling it. And that directive, spreading and corrupting... he swore he could imagine exactly how it must have felt.

No words exchanged from goo to gooee, or from hive mind base to hive mind member. No, it was more like instincts, carried by the material with which they were made. And yet it sure sounded like words when he thought about it. The word “corrupt” echoed through his head and practically reverberated through his skull. He imagined how persuasive that could be on its own; damn it, he could imagine it happening to him. That nagging feeling... he needed to know more.

“Okay, could you... could you... urgh...”

Irfan found himself struggling to concentrate all of a sudden. At first he blinked a few times in an attempt to refocus, but that didn’t do as much as he hoped. He set his notes down on the table in front of him and rested his head down, hoping a brief moment of rest would help.

“Irfan? Irfan, are you okay, you suddenly went-”

Irfan had heard Ellis’s voice for a moment, only for them to suddenly go quiet. What were they rambling about, actually? Checking in to see if he was okay, was it? Well that seemed awful caring of them, to look after someone like that. Still, he didn’t feel like he was in danger of anything. He just felt deeply odd. Still, the silence concerned him, and so he pressed Ellis on the matter.

“Ellis... what is it...”

“I... I don’t know how I should phrase this. Could you... could you check your water bottle real quick? I just figured it was supposed to be that color, but...”

Shaking his head slightly, Irfan turned to look at the bottle placed before him. It looked to be about the same as it always did: Mostly metal, with a black, rubbery exterior so his hands wouldn’t be cold when he held it... plus a black lid... oh. The badger took a glance upward to get a better look at Ellis.

“...it’s the same color as the latex, isn’t it?”

“I’m glad to see you’re not suddenly colorblind.”

Irfan decided that now was as good a time as any to look down at his hand. The color matched that of most of his fur, though it was clear to him that this wasn’t fur on his hand. It was latex. He was already being assimilated and didn’t realize it.

“Damn it, Ellis, you got me good, huh?”

“Got you... no, no, let me get this clear,” Ellis said as they held their hands up. “I’m sure I had nothing to do with this. Absolutely nothing. And if I did, then it was an accident. Ch-check the gap at the bottom of that door if you want confirmation.”

With a sigh, Irfan forced themselves to their feet, trying his best to ignore the spreading black semisolid. They trudged over to the door and knelt down to look at the bottom, not seeing any latex creeping through the bottom. He then checked the other three sides, knowing fully well

there were multiple spots this stuff could get through. There was absolutely zero sign of the substance in any of these spots, whether it be any recently creeping out or something resembling residue.

Ellis was right. Irfan had done this to himself.

“...so I guess I’m screwed?”

“Only if you consent...” Ellis shook their head. “Sorry, sorry, that was dumb joke. Serious answer though, yes, there’s no reversing this. Do you want to end the interview now? I can try to help you get comfortable while the transformation happens.”

Thus Irfan was left at a crossroads. Certainly there was reason to believe that this interview was doomed. How was anyone supposed to believe he had a fair and impartial view of this situation if he had been corrupted in the middle of the interview? What was the point of even continuing this? Who did this interview even serve at this point?

It wasn’t long before he came up with an answer. He had his own integrity as a journalist to worry about. He wasn’t about to let turning into a lust-driven blob ruin his career or his prospects, or his love of his craft.

“...we’re continuing the interview.”

“You’re sure?”

“I’m sure. Even if no one will publish this, I can just publish it myself. It’ll be fine. Just... need to get it done.”

“...shit, I guess I’m in no position to refuse. Alright, let’s continue.”

A satisfied Irfan nodded as he returned to his chair. Now he could resume his questions. He held up his notes, writing down that his entire arm was already coated in the odd black substance, and began to write. Soon it would reach his shoulder and spread across his neck and torso, but he had other things to worry about.

“Now, uh, next thing’s next. Do you all have any hobbies or interests outside of... well, intercourse?”

“Oh, absolutely. Like I said, my one roommate likes fishing; still does it, actually. I, myself, I like to dabble in a bit of crocheting.” Ellis stood up, giving Irfan a better look at their slick, toned form as they walked over to a nearby shelf. The badger admitted to himself that the snake in front of him looked rather attractive, though refused to voice this thought for the time being. The serpent soon returned with what looked like a small, knitted figurine resembling a standard, nonanthropomorphic snake with a rather cute smile. “I made this myself. How is it?”

“I admit, I quite like it. It’s got a very cute, wholesome charm to it.”

“Aww, thanks. Now, just a warning, I remember when this happened I lost my eyesight for a bit around this stage, so don’t be alarmed when it feels like something is covering your eyes. Don’t worry, it’ll come back in a minute. I’ll grab some more crochet and talk as it happens.”

Irfan was about to speak up before, as was described, he felt his vision fade as the latex crept up his head. Well, it was less a fade and more a sudden disappearance, as one second he could see fine and the next, nothing. He did his best to listen into Ellis’s mundane diatribe even as his other senses seemed to dull for a time, and nodded every now and then to confirm that, even though the latex creeping into his head through any available orifice made everything sound muffled at first, he was certainly trying. After all, he could still breathe, he could still hear, and there were only short gaps of time of those senses being nulled.

“...my favorite partner makes wax candles and sells them... a couple shoot *softcore* pornography, no actual intercourse but a lot of, uh, simulated lingerie using latex... the last, she used to be into LARPing but due to avoiding people she now just does online-only tabletop sessions. Turns out finding local nerds who either don’t care about turning into corrupted or already are corrupted is shockingly hard. Oh, uh, your eyes should be back now.”

The more details Ellis gave about their friends’ hobbies, the less Irfan cared; he had more evidence that the corrupted were still effectively themselves, individuals with their own interests beyond sex and corruption. At least now he could finally rip off the theoretical bandage and open his eyes. He expected to require more force, but instead his eyes shot open; a look into the nearby glass showed off a hint of an emerald shine to his gaze, as if his eyes were glowing. He let out a gasp as the substance crept down his throat, but he overall felt fine.

“W-well then. Well then, I feel... I don’t see any differently actually.”

“Yeah, you won’t. Maybe a little clearer, but one of my roommates still wears glasses. Overall, not much of a difference.”

“There, that’s good... uhh, anything else... hmm...”

“Irfan? Are you good?” The serpent tilted their head, seeming concerned by the badger’s behavior. “You seem out of it, are you sure you’re in good shape to keep going?”

“Let me keep going... now...” Irfan lowered his arms down and rested his hands on his legs, both of which were being progressively coated in the latex as his clothes seemed to assimilate with him, rendering him looking positively exposed. Even as the rubber crept down his body, down his legs and toward his crotch, he knew he had to keep going. “How about family? How has this impacted family?”

“...oh, shoot, family, ah shit.” Ellis leaned to the side and rested their head in one hand, sighing. “Just reminded me I need to message my brother, it’s been a while since I talked to him. Last I heard he was just trying to live his life normally, avoid going out of his way to get



corrupted. Sorry, distracted me, but yeah, I still have positive interactions with them even with all this, just kind of have to stick to video calls so I'm not responsible for anything happening to them. Even shift my form to look like I'm wearing a dress shirt so I look nicer."

"That's probably wise," Irfan admitted with a grunt. "Good to hear you and your family still... get along..."

It was at this moment that Irfan could feel that the entire outside of his body was coated, head to toe to tail and everything in between. All that was left was waiting for whatever internal melding and merging was needed to fully convert him. The thoughts of corruption, the nagging voice encouraging to assimilate, that was already starting to trickle in without any prompting. Still, it wasn't an overwhelming urge, more of a gentle nudging. An encouragement, if you will.

And that was all the encouragement it took for his body to start to get a little creative, even without him thinking about it.

"So, uh... money, huh? How's that been working out? Just so you can pay to keep the lights on?"

"Oh, we've been... just sort of doing online work. Commissioned art, selling pictures and videos... we're holding out for the inevitable collapse of the economy so that all of this can be free forever. But we're managing."

"Mmhm. I can imagine some... fetishists would find those pretty interesting... could do a lot with those bodies of yours, I reckon." Irfan's eyes began to wander as his mind soon followed, giving him an almost spaced out appearance. "Like, I could imagine breasts as big as your head, or... or a dick that's as big as your leg..." Those eyes of his soon wandered further down, toward his crotch. There, his genitals sat, as if he was never wearing pants in the first place. He smiled. "Yeah, something like that."

It seemed that this sudden pivot in behavior had caught Ellis's attention, and the snake rose from their seat to peer down at what was going on. Their eyes went wide when their eyes drifted toward what was becoming of Irfan's member, initially a fairly average five inches, as it seemed to expand right before their eyes, the orbs beneath following suit. It seemed to them that their interviewer had actually gotten a little lost in the transformation. They wondered if they should let him play this out, but maybe a bit of sudden noise would wake them up. And with that, Ellis knocked on the glass; this seemed enough to break the badger, now shaking his head, out of that brief trance.

"Huh? What?"

"Seems you're enjoying this a bit too much, sir," Ellis pointedly responded. "It's okay, I won't judge. Seems I've at least discovered you have a hyper fetish."

"A hyper what..."

Irfan looked down at his shaft once more, seeing that it'd quickly ballooned to a good foot and a half in length, with the girth and ball size to match. It was fully erect too, and a careful glance indicated a slight throb. The badger hid his face in his hands, letting out a groan.

"Damn it, damn it. It happened. The corruption got to me, my head's a mess. It's digging up sexual fantasies I didn't even know I had. Honestly, I don't even know what I expected, I should have--"

There was another knock on the glass. Irfan looked up to see Ellis looming over.

"Get out of your own head, man. The fact that you're even having this conundrum tells me you're doing fine." Ellis then leaned forward and clasped their hands together. "If you think it'd help, I can give you a quickie to help you concentrate."

"A-A quickie!?" Irfan's voice was sharp, almost penetrating. "You're offering sex!? Right now!?"

"Only if you want it, seriously! I just figured that maybe blowing some steam would help clear your mind. Could also try a bit of self-touching. You know, masturbation. You should have full control over what the latex around you can do, the sky's the limit."

As much as Irfan loathed to admit it, Ellis probably had a point. Post-nut clarity was a real thing, and even if you felt a little sad afterward, one might at least have a clearer state of mind from it. All he could think about right now was shoving this thing into some hole; whether it was someone else's orifices, his own, or just a simulated one with his hands, it probably didn't matter. He looked up at Ellis, a faint hint of longing in his expression.

"...please help."

It was time for the snake to oblige. Ellis nodded and approached the door, and with a creak, it finally opened. The snake person rapidly approached and nabbed the badger by the arm, dragging him into the other room; Irfan pretty much immediately caught a whiff of more rubber in the room. Figured this was the part of the house that everyone was staying in. It was almost intoxicating how it drew him in, the way it seemed to imply others like him that he could... do things with... it made some primal part of his brain excited, enough to be visualized by his oversized member throbbing.

"The others are doing their own thing," Ellis said as they situated Irfan in an adjustable chair, before lowering themselves to be eye level with the length in front of them, "so I'll be your entertainment for today. They called me the throat goat in college, you know. Just relax, and let me do my thing."

Ellis chuckled, before opening their mouth and letting their tongue slip out. It was as lengthy and as fork-tipped as any other snake anthros, though with enough girth to not make it ineffective for its coming purpose. Ellis had absolutely no hesitation in wrapping its length

around the entire circumference of Irfan's cock, just about immediately sending a shiver down the badger's spine. In truth, he was something of a virgin, sure he'd watched pornography and used it for its intended purpose, but actual sex was something he was never used to. This, though... it felt nice. It felt right.

"How're you doin', big guy?"

"...g-great... keep going..."

And keep going they did. That tongue, shockingly textured as it was – perhaps Ellis had made it that way to make it extra stimulating – stroked its way up and down Irfan's massive length with a noticeable level of eagerness, and the look in the snake's eyes indicated that they were enjoying every second of it. Soon the thing began to leak a substance, not unlike the latex that made up its length; in fact, it was just more latex, the same material as every other part of Irfan. Now it was functioning as his pre, the calm before the storm.

It seemed Ellis had taken this as reason enough to go further. Opening their mouth wide, they showed that they had retracted their fangs; they were ready for what was coming. And judging from the expression on Irfan's face, he was too. His length was soon slipped into the jaws of the serpent before him, at first just the tip and still with just the tongue working on pleasuring him. The snake let a hand run down the base of the length along with the balls, giving each plump orb a gentle caress as they began to take in more and more of that length.

So this is how it felt, Irfan thought to himself, to give into pleasure. To disregard the binds that society placed on him and just let loose. Just a few hours ago he was a stuffy reporter, but now he was something special. His dick was nearly as long as his arm with the girth to match, his balls were proportionately large and heavy, his pre practically flowing into the eager serpent's mouth... maybe Ellis was right and he did have a hyper fetish. But now that he was being serviced like this, he didn't feel like it was such a bad thing. It could even be something to indulge in, to cherish. No one was being hurt, after all; if anything, both himself and Ellis were loving it. And it wouldn't be possible without...

"O-oh, fuck..."

Irfan could feel his dick twitch and throb, seemingly coming closer to release. Looking down, he could see Ellis practically gulping his length down as the snake allowed more and more of it to pass right down. Did they not have a gag reflex? Irfan supposed it didn't matter, latex didn't need a gag reflex, that was another benefit that he could see. Each bob of the head just made him shudder more and more, as if somehow this serpent knew exactly the right spots to hit. That couldn't have been reasonably possible, unless... hmm, maybe there was something to this hive mind idea that he hadn't considered. It lets folks understand each other, very... very... hot...

"S-shoot, y-you're not gonna slow down, are you?"

“Hmm... nope.”

“Good... don’t stop, I’m nearly... n-nope, I’m gonna...!”

Irfan let out a groan and refused to hold himself back. He unloaded his rubbery seed into Ellis, filling the eagerly waiting serpent with it. Ellis was all too happy to drink it down even as some very visibly dribbled down their chin. It was latex all the same, it didn’t particularly matter where it ended up. The badger even bucked his hips in an almost vain attempt to achieve an even more potent release; the guy was pent up for a while, it was plain to see. But now that he had achieved orgasm, he thought he had finally seen the light. He finally understood how these people ticked, and he didn’t even need to ask anymore questions.

“O-oh God, oh... God, oh... wow...”

“See, they...” Ellis spoke between gulps as the orgasm slowed down. “...they didn’t call me that for nothing. I was the real deal... how are you doing though?”

“I-I feel... whew...” Even though Irfan seemed to have no need to actually breathe anymore, he gave a deep inhale and exhale out of habit and exhaustion. “I feel like a whole new person.”

“Yeah, I remember my first post-corruption orgasm. Blissful.”

The gush soon slowed to a trickle, then eventually to nothing at all. Ellis gave the newest subject of his work a half-joking pat, before standing up and offering Irfan a hand. The badger accepted and slowly rose to his feet, legs wobbling as he did so.

“Are you feeling any better, Irfan? Your member’s still a bit big I’m noticing, unless... hah.”

“Hah?”

“You like it like that, don’t you?” Ellis patted Irfan on the back and chuckled. “Hey, no judgment, no shame. I’ve done weirder with my body in the past. Sometimes I’ll be a naga for a while, just forego legs and just have a lengthy tail to slither around on, it’s neat.” The snake then wrapped an arm around Irfan’s back to help him stay supported as they looked him the eyes. “So, did you want to continue that interview? Or are we good?”

“...you know what, Ellis?” Irfan closed his eyes and took a breather. “I don’t think anymore interview questions will be necessary. I think I understand you guys now. I’ll write everything down, offer my own thoughts, and try to sell the story to whoever’s interested. What it’s all about. I do have... at least one more question, though.”

“Good to hear, I’m glad.” Ellis then tilted their head at the last remark. “One more question? Let me hear it then, if I can suck your dick so casually then nothing should be hard about whatever you’re about to ask me.”

“Well... I’m not sure I’m exactly ready to go back into civilization. Sure, I’m practically living out of my van now, but I don’t know, spreading this physically... not right now, maybe later. What do you recommend I do?”

“Hmm. I hear you. I haven’t spread to anyone since I got infected... oh right, there was that mailman... okay, well I haven’t spread to anyone on purpose. Honestly, I could probably make a case for you to move in with us. We do have a spare bed thanks to so many folks choosing to sleep together. If that doesn’t work for you, well, you’re always welcome to visit.”

Well that was quite the offer. Just offering someone to move in with you out of the blue like that would be weird for most people, but Ellis seemed like a pretty genuine person. Irfan wouldn’t mind having someone like that as a roommate, but this was still quite sudden; and yet he didn’t want to say no for some reason. Maybe having someone like himself would help him get used to all of this, or maybe just feel less lonely.

“I’ll think about it. You said you had roommates, right? Let me go ahead and meet them before I make that sort of decision.”

“Oh right, of course, sorry. That should be obvious. Here, let me show you around.”

Now holding onto Ellis for dear life, Irfan followed along, ready to meet these potential roommates. Whether he would accept or not, he wasn’t sure, nor did it matter in the grand scheme of things. Irfan got what he wanted out of this whole ordeal; he had information, he had a greater understanding of how the latex worked, and he found himself with a more positive outlook on the whole ordeal. Granted, he’d been fully assimilated by the rubbery substance in the process, but hey, it wasn’t so bad. He genuinely felt comfortable with himself, that was really the least he could ask for.

Honestly, maybe being some weird rubbery thing wouldn’t be so bad after all.